

THE ARIZONA REPUBLICAN.

The REPUBLICAN has double the circulation of any other daily newspaper in Arizona, and is the only one taking full press dispatches.

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A SMALL WISH.

If I might do one deed of good,
One little deed before I die,
Or think one noble thought, that should
Hereafter not forgotten lie,
I would not murmur, though I must
Be lost in death's unnumbered dust.
The tiny wing that waits the seed
Upon the careless wind to earth,
Of its short life has only need
To find the germ fit place for birth;
For one swift moment of delight
It whirls, then withers out of sight.
—F. W. Bourdillon.

BILL KINNY, OF DRY FORK

Bill Kinny, of Dry Fork, killed a prominent man of the community, and the authorities, after some little meditation, decided that he ought to be arrested. But Bill objected, and when three deputy sheriffs called on him he laid a Winchester rifle across one corner of his homestead, killed one of the deputies and so painfully wounded the other two that they strolled back to the Shady Grove court house. Several days later, while Bill was sitting in front of his door, Mark Townsend, the sheriff in chief, walked up to the fence and landed placed his arms on the top rail. Bill reached back and took up his rifle.

"Good mornin', Bill."

"Hi, Mark."

"Had a good bit of frost last night."

"Yes, ruther. Which way you travelin', Mark?"

"Oh, no way in particular. 'Loved you must be lonesome, an' I thought I'd drop over and talk with you a while. Don't make no difference how lively a feller is he's apt to get lonesome once in a while, 'specially this time of the year."

"I reckon that's true," Bill replied. "Some fellers come out here the other day, and one of them got so lonesome that he just hatched up a lie to tell you."

"So I hear," said the sheriff. "By the way," he added, "them fellers that you speak about wanted you to go to Shady Grove with them, didn't they?"

"Yes, they 'lowed that a jedge down there wanted to make my acquaintance."

"You don't say so?" exclaimed the sheriff. "Why, the jedge is a mighty big man, an' I'd think you'd like to meet him, Bill."

"I would, but you see I ain't in society this year."

"Sorter retired, air you?"

"Yes, thought I was a-gettin a little too old for the bright foolishness an' yaller trimmings of this here life."

"Yes, that must be," the sheriff replied. "A feller does withdraw mightily as he gets along in age; but, say, the jedge is a friend of mine an' I want you to meet him."

"No, I'm obliged to you. I never hankered after these here fellers that pride themselves on their book larnin'."

"I don't exactly crave them," the sheriff rejoined, "walloping" his tobacco about in his mouth, "but still I think we ought to meet them once in a while. But say, Bill, there's a man down at Shady Grove that I do want you to meet."

"Who is he?"

"Sam Powers."

"He's the jailor, ain't he?"

"Yes, an' the best one you ever seen."

"So they say," Bill replied, fondling his rifle. "In fact, them fellers that were here the other day wanted me to meet him."

"So I hear," said the sheriff, "but I 'lowed that mebbe they didn't extend the invitation in a soft and gentle enough way."

"Oh, I didn't have no fault to find with the invitation. I jest didn't want no an' sorter pulled back a little, an' then one of them laid down an' the other two limped mightily."

"So I hear," said the sheriff. "Still I thought there must be a easier an' smoother way of puttin' the invitation. Gentleness always pays. You can sometimes lead a man with a string of beads when you couldn't drive him with a hoop pole. You recollect old Wash Bowles, that was once the sheriff of this county, don't you?"

"Mighty well."

"Ah, ha! Well, that old feller had more gentleness and consideration for the feelings of other folks than any man I ever seen. One time he had to hang a feller named Brice, an' Brice sorter kicked against it, bein' a feller that was hard to please anyhow, so Wash, in that soft way of his, stepped up to put on the rope, an' says, 'Brice, you'll please excuse me, but I'll not detain you but a moment.' So 't thought that if I'd come here today with strong consideration an' smooth gentleness you must accept the jailor's invitation to come an' spend a while with him."

"No, I'm obliged to you. I don't care about goin' today. I've got to go over the ridge an' whip a feller tomorrow, an' if I don't do it I'm afeared he must be disappointed. Well, now, Mark," he added, "if you ain't got no further business with me I reckon you'd better be shovin' along."

"But I have got some further business with you, Bill. I want you to go with me an' see the jailor."

"Wall, I ain't goin'."

"I 'lowed you would, Bill."

"You don't say so."

"Yes, an' I want you to go with me."

"How many men did you bring with you?"

"None at all, but you air a-go-in'."

"Mebbe after all these here cartridges is shot off."

"No, I thought you would go with me without goin' to waste any of the cartridges. You know the price of brass an' powder hav' riz mighty of late."

"Oh, now here, Mark, I don't care nothin' for expenses. I don't mind shootin' a few balls into a feller that wants to put me in jail and afterward hang me."

"I am glad you ain't stingy, Bill. Some of the boys over at the store said that you was mighty economical, but I'm glad to see you ain't. It hurts a man mightily, you know, to have it reported around that he is close."

"I know that, Mark, and I'm alius tryin' hard to keep that charge from bein' flung agin my reputation."

"I'm pleased to know you think so."

much of yourself; but say, I told the boys over at Shady Grove that you would come back with me, an' I wish you would."

"I'd like to accommodate you, Mark, but I don't feel like strollin' today."

"Sorry to hear that, for I told the boys that I'd have you in jail by 12 o'clock today."

"I wish you hadn't told them, Mark, an' you oughter done it, fur you didn't know how busy I must be."

"Yes, mebbe I done wrong," said the sheriff, "but I didn't know after all that you couldn't fling aside your business and come along with me. The boys air all expectin' you."

"Yes, the boys up the river expected General Jackson once, but he didn't come."

"So I hear," said the sheriff; "an' you air not comin' with me?"

"That's what I ain't."

"I'll bet you fifteen dollars, Bill, that you do."

"I'll take that bet, but in the meantime if you don't take yo' arms off'n that fence I'll drop you right in yo' tracks."

"That's the way I like to hear a man talk, Bill. Say, last night the jailor and his two sons went 'possum huntin', they called up the dogs—and they have got some of the finest hounds you ever saw—and here they came with brightness in their eyes an' deep music in their voices. You ought to have heard them go 'oink, oink, oink.' Well, they went out, an' about midnight they came back with two of the biggest and fattest 'possums you ever saw. Well, they dressed them right thar an' then, an' put them out on the top of the house so the frost could fall on them, an' this mornin' they took them down an' began to bake them along with some sweet potatoes. Then the jailor's son he says, says he, 'Pop, we ain't got no regular wildcat licker to go with these here 'possums.' So the old man, havin' a mighty eye for art, gave a jug to the young feller an' told him to go up in the mountains."

"The young feller went, but he couldn't find no licker, an' at last he seen a ole feller drivin' a wagon, an' when he asked the ole feller if he could git any licker he swore that he didn't know nothin' about it; but," says he, "if you will take a jug up the hillside an' put a dollar under it I don't know what must happen, but when you come back I don't believe the dollar will be there." Wall, he went up on the mountain side an' put a dollar under a jug an' went away, but bless yo' life when he came back the dollar was gone, but the jug was filled with the best licker that had passed its teens. An' so at dinner today they are goin' to have them 'possums an' sweet potatoes an' that ole licker that's got a bead on it like a dewdrop; an' say, the jailor says that you may share the feast."

"Look here, Mark, you ain't tryin' to trifle with my feelin's, air you?"

"No, I'm tellin' the Lord's truth; an' say, that ain't all. The Perdue boys caught a big bear down in the bottoms, an' after dinner they air goin' to set the dogs on him in the jail yard right in full view of yo' cell. Think of that."

"Look here, Mark, I am about converted, an' I'll go with you if you'll let me take my rifle along."

"No, can't do that, Bill, an' besides I'll have to handcuff you. 'Possum, sweet potatoes, licker with a bead on it like a dewdrop, an' a bear fight in full view of yo' cell."

"Mark," said Bill, as he put down his rifle, "fetch on yo' handkerchiefs. Blamed if I ain't with you."—Ole P. Read in New York World.

One Kind of Teaching.

A good story is told by Mr. Montagu Williams concerning an argument that took place as to whether or not a certain boy of very tender years was old enough to be sworn as a witness. At the suggestion of one of the counsel engaged in the case he was interrogated by the judge, when the following colloquy took place:

"Now, my little man," said the judge, "do you know what will become of you if you tell an untruth?"

"Hell fire," said the boy, without moving.

"Well, and what will become of you," continued his lordship, "if you play true and do not go to school?"

"Hell fire," said the boy.

"What if you don't like your brothers and sisters?"

"Hell fire," again said the boy.

"What if you stay out late when your mother sends you on an errand?"

"Hell fire."

"What if you spill the milk?"

"Hell fire."

His lordship ran through a long list of faults, some of them of a very slight description, but the penalty was always the same—"hell fire."

At the end of the examination the learned counsel said:

"My lord, I hardly think this little boy sufficiently intelligent or instructed for his evidence to be admissible."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the judge. "Well, now I entirely differ with you. He seems a very good little boy, and if he grows up in his present belief, and thinks the direst punishment will be visited upon him for every fault he may commit, he will probably make a much better man than you or I."

The boy was sworn.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Man Who Has Worked Hard.

Sir Henry Parkes, the premier of New South Wales, commenced to earn his own living when a child nine years of age, and he has been a hard worker from then till now. He never went to school for more than three months in his life, and from the age of nine he has been entirely dependent on his own efforts. He arrived in Australia a young man without friends, without money, and with no letter of introduction to any one, and lived in the country for nearly two years without seeing a human face that he had seen before coming out. Now he has been premier of New South Wales about ten years. He does not believe there is a man in all Australia who has worked harder than he has at manual and other labor. He is close upon seventy-five years of age.—London Tit-Bits.

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A NEW DISCOVERY

It is always hard to make people believe that you have the best, especially when the article is a newly invented one. They will look upon all propositions made with a suspicious eye; but we trust they will give careful consideration of the proposition we are about to make. We intend to show the people of this Territory the only road to prosperity. We do not wish to show that Statehood will alone develop the resources of this glorious country, but we contend, and do so not because we are now personally interested in this question, for we became interested because we saw the advantages and necessity of going into this business, but because we honestly believe that the future prosperity of this Territory depends upon the reclamation of the desert lands by windmills. We know what we say because we practice what we preach. California today is what she is on account of windmills giving her "the water in her hand." The 'Ermotor is the latest improved mill and shows an increase of thirty-five per cent in power over any mill manufactured. It is simply a wonderful machine and performs wonders. For instance, a 16-foot 'Ermotor is equal—and is guaranteed to be—any 24-foot wheel made, and at an elevation of say thirty feet will work two good eight-inch pumps, which will throw 8000 gallons of water per hour. This means 192,000 gallons per day, and if you have a large reservoir you can let the mill run night and day. One hundred and ninety-two thousand gallons of water will irrigate ten acres of fruit trees per each tariff. Think of it. Do not doubt this statement, for we will sell our mills with this guarantee. We know the 'Ermotor will do it, and if it don't you are under no obligation to take the same. We also guarantee that a 16-foot 'Ermotor will work a four-inch pump 500 feet deep. Cattlemen! this deserves your careful consideration, for you can save immensely by putting in an 'Ermotor, and use your steam pumps in cases of emergency. The 'Ermotor will pump 1000 feet. All steel and will last a life time. Send for circulars and further information.

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Miss E. L. Borquez, Spanish teacher, residence, Maricopa street.

For a first-class breakfast go to the Maricopa House, at Maricopa.

Postoffice fruit stand keeps fruits, nuts, candies, cigars and tobacco. 142

Cheapest place in town to buy fruits, confectionery, etc., at Mesa fruit store.

Good coffee and choice meats cooked in any style, can always be had at the "Nickle Plate." 165

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Rooms summer rates, \$5 to \$10 Center one and one half block north of Washington, Windsor House.

Fifty pounds of ice for 40 cents; 75 cents per 100 pounds, at the Phoenix Ice Factory. S. D. LOUNT & SONS.

Go to the "Nickle Plate" for good food and polite attention. Get what you pay for, and pay for what you get.

Patronize home industry by smoking Solie cigars. Finest Havana and Mexican tobacco. Strictly hand made. A. Solie, manufacturer, Tucson, A. T.

Auction Sale of Thorough Bred Bull Calves.

On Monday June 8, I will sell at Burger's corral ten head of thorough bred Durham bull calves to the highest bidder for cash, or on ninety days time with approved security.

W. A. WILSON,
Great Reduction in Passenger Rates East.

Commencing June 1, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad Company will sell round trip excursion tickets from Deming, Silver City and El Paso to Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, Niagara Falls and other points East at greatly reduced rates. This is the only line running the elegant vestibule trains Northeast and West, and you, who are contemplating a trip Northeast or West, will find it to your advantage to correspond regarding rates, limits, connections, etc., with

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—OR—

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